

SEEKING LIFE WITH JOHN HENRY

SAY! did you ever put on the goggles and go joy riding with an attack of the grip?

It has all other forms of amusement hushed to a lullaby—take it from Uncle Hank.

As a bad boy the grip has every other disease slipped to a sobbing standstill.

It's dollars to pretzels that the grip germ is the brainiest little bug that was ever chased by a doctor.

I was sitting quietly at home reading Maeterlinck on Auction Bridge when suddenly I began to sneeze like a Russian regiment answering roll call.

Friend wife was deep in the mysteries of Ibsen's latest achievement, "The Rise and Fall of the Hobbler Skirt," but she politely acknowledged my first sneeze with the customary "Gesundheit!"

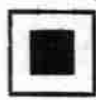
Then she trailed along bravely with her responses for ten or fifteen minutes, but it was no use—I had more sneezes in my system than there are "Gesundheits!" in the entire German nation, including principalities, possessions across the sea, and the Musical Union.

"John," she ventured after a time, "you are getting a cold!"

"I'm not getting it," I sniffed; "I have it now."

What a mean, contemptible little creature a grip germ must be. Absolutely without any of the finer instincts it sneaks into people's systems disguised as an ordinary cold. It isn't on the level like appendicitis or inflammatory rheumatism, both of which are brave and fearless and will walk right up to you and kick you on the shins, big as you are.

Nobody ever knows just what makes up the grip germ but put on to break into the human system, but once they get a foothold in the epiglottis nothing



Getting the Grip

ing can remove them except inward applications of dynamite.

The grip germ hates the idea of race suicide.

I discovered shortly after I had sneezed myself into a condition of pale blue profanity that a newly-married couple of grip germs had taken a notion to build a nest somewhere on the outskirts of my solar plexus, and two hours later they had about 233 children attending the public school of my medusa oblongata; and every time school would let out for recess I would go up in the air and hit the ceiling with my Lima.

Before daylight came all these grip children had graduated from school, and after tearing down the schoolhouse the whole bunch had married and had large families of their own, and all hands were out paddling their canoes on my alimentary canal.

By 9 o'clock that morning there must have been eighty-five million grip germs armed with self-loading revolvers all trying to shoot their initials over the walls of my interior department.

It was fierce!

When Dr. Leiser arrived on the scene I was carrying enough concealed weapons to start something in Mexico. The good old pill, pusher threw his saws behind the sofa, put his dip net on the mantelpiece, and took a fall out of my pulse.

"Ah!" he said, after he had noted that my tongue looked like a curry-comb.

"The same to you, Doc," I said.

"Ah!" he said, looking hard at the wall.

"Say, Doc!" I whispered, "there's

HISTORY OF JOY RIDE WITH THAT MISFORTUNE

Sneezed Like a Russian Regiment at Roll Call—Had Shooting Pains, Buzzing in Ears and Tickling in Diaphragm—Now Seeks to Cure the Medicine.

By GEORGE V. HOBART

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no use to cut off my leg, because the germs will hide in my elbow."

"Do you feel shooting pains in the cerebellum near the apex of the cosmopolitan?" inquired the doctor.

"Surest thing you know," I said.

"Have you a buzzing in the ears, and a confused sound like distant laughter in the panatella?" he asked.

"It's a cinch, Doc," I said.

"Do you feel a roaring in the cornucopia with a tickling sensation in the diaphragm?" he asked.

"Right again," I whispered.

"Do the joints feel sore and pinched like a poolroom?" he said.

"Right!"

"Does your tongue feel rare and

high-priced like a porterhouse steak at a summer resort?"

"Exactly!"

"Do you feel a spasmodic fluttering in the concertina?"

"Yes!"

"Have you a sort of nervous hesitation in your jumper, and does everything you eat taste like an impossible sandwich made by a ghostly baker from disappearing bread and phantom ham?"

"Keno!"

"Does your nerve center tinkle-tinkle like a breakfast bell in a kitchenless boarding house?"

"Right again!"

"Have you a feeling that the germs have attacked your Adam's apple and that there won't be any core?"

"Yes!"

"When you look at the wall paper does your brain do a sort of loop-the-loop and cause you to meld 100 aces or double pinochle?"

"Yes, and 80 kings, too!"

"Do you feel a slight palpitation of the membrane of the Colorado madura in your brain like the sound of a hard-working gas meter?"

"You've got me sized good and plenty, Doc!"

"Do you have insomnia, nightmare, loss of appetite, chills and fever, and concealed respiration in the carolina perfecto?"

"That's the idea, Doc."

"When you lie on your right side do you have an impulse to turn over on your left side, and when you turn over on your left side do you feel an impulse to jump out of bed and throw stones at a policeman?"

"There isn't anything you can mention, Doc, that I haven't got."

"Ah!" said the doctor; "then that settles it."

"Tell me the truth," I groaned.

"What is it—bubonic plague?"

"You have something worse—you have the grip," Doc Leiser whispered gently.

"You see I tried hard to mention some symptom which you didn't have, but you have them all, and the grip is the only disease in the world which makes a specialty of having every symptom known to medical jurisprudence."

Then the doctor got busy with the pencil gag and left me enough prescriptions to keep the druggist in pocket money throughout the winter.

Then my friends and relatives began to drop in and annoy me with suggestions.

"Pop" Barclay sat by my bedside, and after I had barked for him two or three times he decided I had inflammation of the lungs and was insistent that I tie a rubber band around my chest and rub myself with gasoline.

I told Pop I had no desire to become a human automobile, so he got mad and went home. But before he got mad he drank six bottles of beer and before he went home he invited himself back to dinner.

Then Hep Hardy dropped in, and ten minutes later he had me making signs for an undertaker.

Hep comes to the bedside of the afflicted in the same restful manner that a buzzsaw associates with a log of pine.

He insisted upon taking my pulse and listening to my heart beats, but

when he attempted to turn my eyelids back to see if I had a touch of the glanders every germ in my body rose in rebellion and together we chased Hep out of the room.

The next calamity was Teddy Pearson, who had an apartment on the floor above us. Teddy had spent the previous night at a tango party and ever since daylight he had been beating home to windward. His cargo had shifted and the seaway was rough.

Still clad in the black and white scenery, with the silk bean cover somewhat mussed, he groped across the darkened room and solemnly shook hands with me.

Then he sat in a chair by the bedside and began to sing soft lullabies to a hold-over.

Presently he reached out his arm and made all the gestures that go with the act of hitting a bell to summon a waiter.

Receiving no answer to his thirsty appeal, he arose and said: "This is a heluva club—rottenest service in this club—'limit, that's what it is, 'limit!"

Then he hiccupped his weary way out of the room and I haven't seen him since.

An hour later Uncle Louis Miffendale had looked me over and concluded I had galloping asthma, compressed

tonsillitis, chilblains, a croup, and incipient measles. He insisted that I take three grains of quinine, two grains of asperine, rub the back of my neck with benzine, soak my ankles in kerosene, then a little phenacetin, and a hot whiskey toddy every half hour before meals.

If I found it hard to take the toddy he volunteered to run in every half hour and help me.

Then his wife, Aunt Jessica, blew in with a deduction she called catnip tea. She brought it all the way from the Bronx in a thermos bottle, so I had to drink it or lose a perfectly respectable old aunt.

It tasted like a linoleum cocktail—wewow!

During the rest of the day every friend and relative I have in the world rushed in, suggested a sure cure, and then rushed out again.

Peaches tried them all on me, and I felt like the inside of a medicine chest.

To make matters worse, I drank some dogberry cordial and it chased the catnip tea all over my conscience.

Then Peaches, being a student of natural history, insisted that I take some hoarhound, I suppose to bite the dogberry, but it didn't.

Blood will tell, so the hoarhound joined forces with the dogberry and chased the catnip up my family tree.

Suffering antiseptical everybody with a different remedy, from snake poison to soothing syrup—but it cured the grip.

Now all I have to do is to cure the medicine.



"Ah!" he said, looking hard at the wall.

LIGHT WAVES POSSIBLE WAR FACTOR

William Burr Gibson, Nephew of Washington Woman, Is Inventor of Machine to Project Ray for Destruction of Explosives.

Two young inventors, one a native of Italy, who is working for the British admiralty; the other a native of Schenectady, N. Y., whose efforts have attracted the attention of German naval officers, are experimenting in fields of phenomena to perfect similar mechanisms, by which they hope to revolutionize modern warfare.

Both inventors are seeking to harness to man's use the invisible light waves of the mysterious extremities of the spectrum, and to intensify these waves upon combustibles. It is expected that the vibrations of these light waves will cause molecular friction and disintegration of the explosives, and cause them to blow up. If successful the inventors will transform powerful coast defenses and will threaten the further use of aeroplanes and other death-dealing devices of modern warfare.

M. Ulivi, an Italian, believes he has solved the problem of seeking out and exploding submarine mines. His experiments have won the attention of the British admiralty and it is probable that if his invention accomplishes that which the inventor claims for it, the British navy will acquire one of the greatest assets of up-to-date warfare. Simultaneously, Gibson, an unassuming inventor of twenty-four, living at 44 Brandwine Avenue, Schenectady, has delved into the same phenomena and believes he has developed a machine which will accomplish the same results.

Mr. Gibson is a nephew of Mrs. Julia A. Anderson, of 503 Thirteenth street northwest.

Though Gibson has received no encouragement from American naval officers, he has been in communication with German naval men who have professed a great willingness to buy the rights of the patents if the machine proves successful.

Each inventor has sought patents on his mechanisms. It is not believed the inventors will infringe on the rights of each other because of different means the inventors have discovered of accomplishing similar results. Ulivi has sought one end of the spectrum in which to work, while Gibson has chosen the other. Ulivi has been working on the study of infra-red waves, one of the almost imperceptible invisible light waves of one extremity; Gibson's study has been in the opposite end of the spectrum

and has been confined to a study of ultra-violet waves.

Scientists have admitted that all physical phenomena, such as heat, light, magnetism, electricity and acoustics, are phenomena of motion. These motions are constituted by other waves, which are infinite in character. They vary not only as to the speed of their propagation through space, but also according to their wave lengths and the frequency of their vibrations. They are considered almost as infinite as the series of numerals.

Light waves are among the best known. The shorter the waves the more frequent the vibrations. All are reflected and can be refracted as visible white light. Inventors have learned that short waves, however, are made to conform to the law of reflection and refraction more readily than long rays.

For this reason Ulivi obtained the shortest possible infra-red ray, which measured six-hundredths of a millimeter. Gibson, realizing the need of using short waves, made his inquiries at the other end of the spectrum, where he found the short ultra-violet rays.

Both inventors then confined their study to means of producing these light waves and of projecting them. Scientists have admitted that if these waves could be sufficiently intensified there would be no question about the result when they were directed on combustible material—an explosion must necessarily follow. But the means of producing these waves, of intensifying them and of giving them resonance was a great problem.

Similar Types of "Guns." Ulivi and Gibson both constructed instruments which resemble a ten or twelve inch gun of the battleship type. In appearance there is nothing about Gibson's gun which would indicate its intricate mechanisms. It is about ten feet long, about eight inches in diameter at the muzzle, and twelve inches in diameter at the other end. An electric wire carries into the gun the current which produces the light.

In the interior of Gibson's invention this light is refracted and the ultra-violet rays are projected from the gun. The interior of the projector is insulated very carefully, and is so made that the light waves are given a rotary movement as they are projected. This, explains Mr. Gibson, is for the same reason that the interior of the gun barrel is bored so that the projectile will be given a rotary movement. The rotary movement, Mr. Gibson says, makes the light waves go

straight just as the revolving projectile keeps a straight course. Ulivi has confined his experiments to submarine work. Tests have not yet been made before naval officers, but the inventor declares his experiments have proved the worth of his invention.

Gibson has made a thorough study of gunpowders and other explosives. All most of the world have shown that they disintegrate more readily than the cheaper type powder, and the ultra-violet rays are expected to hasten the disintegration. When the powder starts disintegrating, nothing can prevent an explosion, and many of the explosions that occur on battlefields, Mr. Gibson says, are the result of disintegrating smokeless powder.

To Project Light a Mile.

Mr. Gibson says that his gun will project the light at least a mile. He declares it will be an expensive gun to build, but an inexpensive one to operate. He is planning to make experiments not far from Uliva in the near future. The experiments will be made in secret and will consist of several tests, by which he hopes to locate explosives and to discharge them by means of his mechanism.

Thus far United States naval authorities have shown no concern for either Gibson's or Ulivi's inventions. Showing the same attitude toward the inventions which the authorities showed when aeroplanes were introduced into the German army, the government has permitted the British admiralty to negotiate with Ulivi and the German authorities to negotiate with Gibson.

Gibson, who is at present employed at the General Electric Works in Schenectady, first took up a study of these light-wave phenomena while he was a member of the signal corps at the Manhattan school, at Manhattan, in 1904. He studied physics and chemistry in the Uliva High School and entered Trinity College at Hartford in 1907, following a scientific course there. His experiments were carried on in Hartford, Conn., and Uliva.

"My invention," says Mr. Gibson, "will form the best known means of coast defense. In modern warfare on land the most feared weapon is the aeroplane with its stores of explosives, which can be dropped to the ground with devastating effect. The invention will provide a means of destroying these combustibles, I believe, at heights too great to be reached by the projectiles now in use."

"I believe that every coast defense we have in this country should be equipped with these new guns. Every disappearing gun should be replaced with one of the guns that will discharge invisible, death-dealing light waves. I am confident that the gun is a success."

"Should there be a war in the near future—should the United States take up arms against Mexico, guns of this type would be constructed and given a real test. I know that they would play an important part in any land battle."

has expressed confidence in Gibson's machine, if the ultra-violet rays are sufficiently intensified. Dr. Steinmetz said there was no question but that the expected explosion would follow if very intense light rays were directed on explosives.

INDIAN WOMAN LAWYER. Argues Her Own Case Before Supreme Court of Washington.

Olympia, Wash., Nov. 28.—Mrs. Clara A. Bailey, an Indian woman of Seattle, argued her own case before the Supreme Court, dividing her time with her attorneys.

It appeared Mrs. Bailey had difficulties with her lawyers, and Chief Justice Rogers, in a rare instance, allowed her to argue her own case.

In the past a few male litigants have presented their own cases, but never has a woman not a lawyer claimed this privilege.

Mrs. Bailey is contesting assessments against her property by the city of Seattle in improvement work.

CAMPAIGN ON TO MAKE GENTLEWOMEN SERVANTS

English Woman Says Domestic Service Should Be Life Work of Sisters.

Special Oak to The Washington Herald. London, Nov. 28.—Mrs. Cloudeyette Breyer is leading an educational campaign to spread what she calls the old-fashioned idea of the well-bred English gentlewoman concerning servants.

That the woman leaders of England from feudal times on have never believed they lost caste by understanding kitchen secrets is her contention. She believes most servant troubles are due to the mistress' ignorance. She advocates domestic service as a career for educated women. If the educated woman was to be the domestic hand-maiden of the future, she said in a speech recently, it must be as friend and colleague, and not as serf and dependent. She must share in domestic responsibilities. They wanted to depart from the snobbish and parochial idea that to understand housecraft was to lose caste.

The new type of servant, the speaker went on, would certainly not be that known generally as the "lady help," who was seldom a lady and very often not a help.

At 102 Arrested for Kissing.

Toledo, Ohio, Nov. 28.—An irate citizen reported to the police that a woman was trying to kiss all the men near Erie street and Nebraska avenue. A policeman found Sadie Graham, aged 302, forcing her girlish attentions on several men who were trying to keep her quiet. Before the cop could collect himself the aged flirt impressed a hearty smack on the profile. Sadie was taken to the station.

JUNTA STATESMEN MAKE HOME IN CAPITAL

Washington Center for Diplomats Representing Minority Parties.

GREAT LOAFING PLACE

Old Arlington Hotel Was Rendezvous for Central Americans Who Gathered There to Discuss Revolutions.

The secret agent, the spy, the international detective and others of that fascinating company of keen-minded men and women who dabble in the affairs of nations behind closed doors scarcely ever fail to have a compelling allurements for workaday people into whose daily round creeps the minimum of excitement.

The clerk who bends from morning until night over musty ledgers speckled with figures which represent an atom's amount of the world's papal sum; the watchful-eyed shop-girl whose hands glisten from the polish of sliding trays; all who do the routine tasks without clerical or manual, have a strong inclination toward the froer, more hazardous life of the man engaged in some secret service. For such there is no story more interesting than that of the pseudo-diplomat, half spy, half ambassador; who make up the staffs of the juntas at national capital.

Mexicans Gather Here.

Whenever a minority faction in a troubled nation is strong enough to have an organization which will provide ways and means, that faction often takes steps to attain representation for itself at the capitals of those nations most interested in the country involved. Thus Mexico on our southern border is vexed by the internecine wrangling of the party of Victoriano Huerta, the dictator, and Venustiano Carranza, leader of the rebels or Constitutionalists. Huerta has not been recognized by this nation, therefore he has no accredited Ambassador here.

Senior Alvaro de Terreros, acting charge d'affaires at Washington, a holdover from the Madero administration handles the routine Mexican business. Had Huerta been recognized he would have been represented here by a full embassy staff. The Constitutionalists also have their representatives here. It is a sort of amateur embassy and it is called a junta. The men who constitute the staff are, of course, strong supporters of Carranza in Mexico. Therefore, should they return to Mexico under existing conditions, they would be liable to arrest.

and execution as rebels guilty of treason, for assuredly they consider it their duty to do their utmost to bring confusion to the Huerta regime, as well as to advance the cause of Carranza.

At present Huerta is the state. It can be gathered that these men really are in a rather perilous position. This government does not recognize them as having any particular international standing. The home government of their country looks upon them as rebels. They seem to be between the deep sea and a certain very imminent gentleman, so far as a rating for citizenship and protection is concerned. They pay high premiums in their life insurance policies.

This Constitutional junta is the most important one in Washington and is attracting some attention because of the possibility that the United States may recognize the belligerency of Carranza. This would give the junta an international standing as representatives of a recognized belligerent. But there are other juntas in Washington, representatives of parties of various countries. They are not well known. The very existence of some of them is kept secret. But the junta men, that is, the members of the staff of one of these secret agencies, has become a type in Washington.

Minorities Are Represented.

On account of the maternal position the Monroe doctrine has given the United States so far as the many Central and South American nations are concerned, it is to Washington, rather than the capital of any other world power, that the minority parties in turbulent nations send their juntas. And Central and South American nations, it is well known, have a penchant for changing governments with channel-like rapidity.

So there are many secret agents in Washington who are trying to get the State Department to grant some concession or to take some diplomatic action which will advance the party they represent.

The Constitutional junta is a rather serious affair. Its members represent an important party. But the men of some of the other juntas are often looked upon in Washington as representing chimerical ventures. These junta men take themselves very seriously. They feel that the utmost secrecy as to their movements must be maintained. Their confidence in American policing seems not to be great, as they appear constantly to be on the lookout for attacks from behind.

They keep the very whereabouts of their offices a deep secret. As a matter of fact these juntas are often so poor that they cannot afford to rent offices or headquarters. But the junta men can be seen about the streets and in hotel lobbies sometimes. In fact they sometimes are called "curbstone diplomats." It is easy to realize that such men as these make up a very picturesque class.

They have practically nothing at all to do. It is seldom that they get an audience at the State Department and most of the time they sit in hotel lobbies and hatch plots with themselves.

Position Is Hazardous.

Diplomacy in their hands is a slippery quantity. They have been educated in the school of the under dog and taught by men made weary by long experience with the leaders of majority parties. A junta diplomat must always be on the lookout for anything. The fact that he is a junta diplomat makes his position hazardous. As soon as his faction gains the upper hand, the junta ceases to be; in its place rises an embassy or legation. An accredited ambassador treads safer ground than a junta man.

Before they tore this Old Arlington hotel down to make room for a hotel in the ground, these junta men used to "hang out" there a great deal. You could wander casually into the lobby and take a chair and be conscious of hidden mysteries making all about you. Stepping into the adjoining bar you could come upon them at closer range. All day, nearly, the junta men used to sit in the bar room of the Old Arlington over their incantations. A well known press association assigned the heaviest drinkers on the Washington staff to sit in the bar room and buy drinks for the junta men and buy drinks for the junta men.

One of the Mexican juntas, I think the Madero, on the chance of some news leaking? They say many dispatches were used on what was whispered at the close of a hard day's drinking, at the bar of the Old Arlington Hotel.

PENSION AND MEDAL FOR WIDOW OF HERO

Woman Who Helped Husband Pull Man from Well Rewarded by Carnegie.

Special to The Washington Herald.

Edmonton, Alta., Nov. 28.—Twenty-five dollars a month as a pension and a silver medal have been awarded by the Carnegie fund to the widow of R. Frederick Dayton, living at Viking, Alta. Dayton lost his life the latter part of May, 1912, in saving William Kirkpatrick, a neighboring farmer, from death in a well. He was lowered into the well with a rope by his wife. Reaching Kirkpatrick, who lay forty feet from the surface and unconscious from the fall, Dayton tied the rope around his waist and had the man hoisted to the top.

The rope was afterward sent down to Dayton, but he was overcome by gas before reaching the surface and fell back into the well, being killed instantly. This heroic sacrifice happened in an out-of-the-way place, but in some way the details reached the Carnegie fund, which made an investigation into the facts with the foregoing result.